And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mi.Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not *Fairies?*
Mis.Pa. No sir *Iohn* but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it must be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*.
Mi.For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Mi.Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
Mis.Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *Ile* tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and see where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now sonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Pa. Why whats the matter sonne *Slender?*
Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your son.
Pa. No, why so? (married.
Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue
Pa. How a boy? why did you mistake the word?
Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Ieshu M. *Slender*, cannot you see but marrie
Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what shal I do? (boyes?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Mis.Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:
An. At Curch forsooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22299) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth 48) Octavo